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"Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man."

DRYING VEGETABLES FOR FARM USE.

A friend says to us, that he has two or three hundred bushels of potatoes—that he has not hogs enough to eat them, and the distance that he lives from market will not allow of any profit, but a loss at the present prices, should he haul them there; and he asks what he shall do with them? Well, rather than have them rot, he had better give notice that he will give them away, to those who will come after them. After suffering the scourge of the potato rot so many years, and living potatoes, as many have, it is really refreshing to hear somebody complain, that he has more potatoes than he can use. It seems like old times, when, whatever might happen to other crops, we were sure of potatoes enough. The question, however, reminded us of a plan, which might be generally adopted by farmers, for the preservation of potatoes, turnips, apples, and such like perishable articles. It is drying them. By going to a little expense for fixtures, the labor and trouble would not be much. We all know that our good housewives dry apples, pumpkins, huckleberries, &c., for domestic use. Well, suppose you adopt the same course for preservation of potatoes, turnips, apples, &c., for farm purposes? All that is absolutely necessary to do, to effect this, is to make clean, slice them, and expose them to artificial heat, in a kiln, or some close room, until the water is evaporated.

For domestic uses, we have apples previous to drying, but for feeding stock, nothing more need be done than slicing them up. So of potatoes or turnips.

The plan of drying potatoes, may be new to some, but it is a thing that is done in some places, to a considerable profit, for navy and domestic uses. Dried potato is getting to be quite a valuable article. Some enterprising Vermonters at Hinesburg, have started a potato drying establishment, and we understand, are doing a good business.

The Burlington, (Vt.) Free Press, in an article on this subject says:

"The application of this method to potatoes at the Hinesburg factory is substantially as follows: Being thoroughly cleaned, deprived of the skins and properly prepared, fresh currents of air are moved in contact with the potato pulp by machinery. The air rapidly takes up and carries off the moisture. The material is made to take the shape of tubes, (macaroni in a proper) and when perfectly dry, is broken in a paper mill into the form of what is called 'sandy' or 'hooney.' Indeed it might be easily mistaken for that article made from our common yellow Indian corn. By the same process it has lost nothing but water. But by that loss it is made to occupy but one-sixth of its original bulk, and what before weighed four pounds, now weighs but one pound. In that condition it can be packed in tight casks or in tin canisters, and be transported just as easily as so much dry corn. Years of trial have proved the unchanging character of the preparation.

Now then for the use. For one pound of it take three pounds of boiling water, or (to speak cookery book fashion) put one tea-spoonful of it into about four tea-spoonfuls of boiling hot water. In ten minutes the water is entirely absorbed, and the result is a well cooked dish of mashed potato, ready to be salted and buttered, or dealt with as a like dish made from a fresh potato might be. The taste differs but slightly from that of fresh potato prepared in the same manner. We speak advisedly, for we have tried. Though we think any one would prefer to crush for himself a fresh meaty potato, if he were in a condition to choose, we have often, within the last five years, had to content with using potatoes tasting not a whit better than the article we are speaking of—hardly as good even.

It is difficult to comprehend at once the great importance of such a preparation of the potato. To a very large portion of the human family the potato is an article of prime necessity for daily food. All who have been accustomed to use it, feel the deprivation severely if placed beyond its reach for any considerable time. Yet the bulkiness and perishable nature of the tuber in its natural condition, makes its transportation for great distances by either land or sea an impossibility. For the want of it, the health of crews on long voyages, and of soldiers or other persons occupied away from where it can be procured, is often greatly injured. In some districts too, where it is relied upon as the chief article of food, great distress is caused by the failure of a crop, because the want can not be supplied except at an insupportable expense. Let the preparation of this "im perishable potato" be made common, and all these evils are substantially done away with. Government ships, whaling vessels, merchant's stores, will all make it a regular part of their stores. It will not occupy near the room of ship biscuit, and can be kept in store with less risk of spoiling. We are informed that European vessels already make it regularly a part of their stores, when going on voyages across the tropics, and that the discovery ships under charge of Dr. Kane are supplied with it. Travelers across the continent, and inhabitants of those parts of our own country where the vegetable can not be raised successfully and the prepared article a most convenient one for use.

Few persons have any conception of the amount of nutritive food which can be raised in the form of potatoes, where the soil and climate are favorable. Though, pound for pound, less nutritious than wheat or rye, as a whole, no other crop can equal it. Careful experiments have shown that from the same amount of suitable ground, where there could be raised, on the average, 3,400 lbs. of wheat, or 2,200 lbs. of peas, there could be raised 38,000 lbs. potatoes.

toes; or, reducing them all to the absolutely dry state, for 3,036 lbs. of wheat, or 2,080 lbs. of peas, there would be 9,500 lbs of potato—more than three times the amount of food produced in the shape of wheat, and more than four times that in the form of peas. We quote this statement from Chemical Technology of Dr. Knapp, of Giesen—a recent work of very great authority. The practical results of some experiments, on the feeding of cattle with these different articles, place the relative value of the potato at a higher mark still."

USE OF COTTON CLOTH IN GARDENING.

Those who have a taste for cultivating the more tender flowers, and exotic fruits here in Maine, and have not that supply of "Mammon," that would allow them to build a greenhouse, will find a very good substitute for such structure, in the tents made of common cotton cloth.

We have heretofore published a recipe, for rendering cloth somewhat transparent, by oiling it, or putting on a preparation of whites of eggs &c., in order to render it useful as a substitute for glass in the hot beds. Common cheap cotton cloth may be made into conical glasses, and strained over light pyramidal shaped frames, and tied to them, and thus be used as screens, or instead of hand glasses, for the protection of tender plants while they are young, and need protection from cold or insects. When no longer needed for this use, it may be taken off, dried, and carefully laid away for another season's use, and might thus be preserved for several years. These screens might be made of any size, and any shape, to suit the designs and conveniences of the owner. Large tents or houses, might be thus constructed, to put over tender exotic grapes, or even common grapes, which you wish to protect in the fall, from the first frosts.

The cloth would not need any other preparation, than cutting, and sewing into the shapes required for the purposes designed. A light wooden frame should be put up, and the cloth stretched over it.

The sides, ends, or roof might be so made, and attached to the frame, as to allow of their being rolled up at any time, and the plants thus fully or partially exposed to the air and the weather, or not, as you pleased.

KEEPING TIRES ON WHEELS.

As a general thing in this section of the Union, when a tire is well put on to a wheel, it remains on until the wheel is worn out. It is not unfrequently the case, however, that tires have to be reset, and the following is a recipe, which we take from the Southern Planter, although somewhat expensive, seem to be founded in reason, we give them to our readers for their consideration, and for them to put into practice if they see fit.

"Mr. Editor:—I wish to communicate to the public a method of which tires on wheel carriages may be kept tight. I ironed a wagon, some years ago, for my own use, and before putting on the tires, I filled the fellos with linseed oil; and the tires have worn out and never needed. I ironed a buggy, for my own use, seven years ago, and the tires are now as tight as when put on. My method of filling the fellos with oil is as follows: I use a long cast iron oil heater, made for the purpose, the oil is brought to a boiling heat, the wheel is placed on a stick, so as to hang in the oil, each fello one hour, for a common sized fello.

The timber should be dry, as green timber will not receive oil. Care should be taken that the oil be made no hotter than a boiling heat, in order that the timber be not burnt. Timber filled with oil is not susceptible of water, and the timber is more durable. I was amused, some time ago, when I told a blacksmith how to keep tires tight on wheels, by his telling me it was a profitable business to tighten tires; and the wagon maker will say, it is profitable to him to make and repair wheels—but, what will the farmer, who supports the wheelwright and smith, say? T. H. Brown."

THE AROOSTOOK VALLEY—CROPS, &c.

Mr. Editor:—I have now been located in this valley nearly two years, and I am sure I have never before seen so thriving a community. Our place is designated as Township No. 11; in common parlance called "Leven," and our post office is called Aroostook. Our town is the center of the lumbering business for 25 miles around, and I will venture to assert, that no other place in Maine, containing no more inhabitants, shows so much activity and progress. Our town contains about 60 families, forty frame houses, and 50 frame barns. Last year we raised, according to the estimate of competent judges, fifteen thousand bushels of grain. Three hundred acres of trees are cut and cleared annually.

The price of oats is 63 cts., wheat \$1.50, corn \$1.75. A medium crop on new land is of oats 50 bushels, wheat 25 bushels, potatoes 200 bushels. The cost of clearing the clearest land is \$8 per acre, so you can see the profit of raising grain here. And as for frost killing anything, that is not so. The last two years, I frost has come earlier in Kennebec than here, strange as it may seem. Still, the risk of the frost is greater here, but the risk of other evils to the crops less. On the whole, the farmer is better off here, than in any other part of the State, and the crops are heavy, and bring a high price.

Our village is a pleasant spot in the wilderness. It consists of a dozen houses, three stores, a hotel, a school house, and four mechanic shops. Every day the carpenters' saws and hammers, are heard in half a dozen places. Two dwellings, one shop, and one school house have gone up within a month, and so they will go up all summer, as fast as our builders can do it. Crops look well now, though it is rather dry. I wish the truth was more generally known, concerning our much abused Aroostook valley, and I would recommend to those buying farms, "to call here," as the advertisement read, "before purchasing elsewhere." CALK COLE, Township No. 11, Aroostook, June, 1853.

A WORD R TWO, AND SOME QUESTIONS ON WORMS.

Mr. Editor:—In addition to the notorious Curculio, and nasty little slug, which have for the last eight or ten years been spending their fury upon our fruit trees and fruit, we seem at this time, to be visited with an array of unwelcome visitors, so numerous that they threaten utter extermination, to all that claims to belong to the great family of apples. Many of our trees, especially young ones, look to-day as if they had been scorched by fire, and some are left entirely leafless. I have an orchard of one hundred and twenty trees, of this year's setting, which now appears to be a forlorn hope, and unless new leaves immediately put out, must be a total failure. Several gentlemen in this vicinity inform me, that their young scions have been stripped of their leaves, and seem to be dead. What will be the issue we cannot tell, for this ruthless foe is quite new among us, or else he has never before done sufficient mischief to attract attention. I believe some denominated them "the army worm," but I think from their habits, "army worm" would be more appropriate. They are about half an inch in length, brass colored head, bodies light green, with two dark stripes running along their back, have six legs, besides numerous pro legs, and a kind of locomotive apparatus on the stern, that enables them to back out of danger, with astonishing rapidity.

Take one in your hand, touch him on his head, and if he don't move backwards with railroad speed, you may conclude he's sick. You give the tree or branch which they hold in possession, a gentle tap with the hand, and you may see an array of the rogues, swinging in the air, upon threads of gossamer, which have been manufactured almost without your notice, from the leaves of your noble fruit tree. Take a view of your tree when a heavy dew is on, or on some foggy day, and you will see that all its branches, dried up leaves, and young fruit, are completely entwined and interwoven, with a worthless filmy substance, which has been spun by these poor little green worms. Besides all the above mischief which they do, they seem to be extremely fond of green apples, for almost every apple, on trees badly infested, are eaten to the core.

Now sir, as Editors know everything, I am in for a little of this worm's history. And in addition still, to the above inquiry, I wish to see explained in your Farmer, the mystery of this spume that we find so plentifully in our fields, upon almost every spike of grass, in some places. There is a variety of opinions down here in the Old York Co., about all this spume, and what the true character is of the insect, which finally comes from these castles of froth, some say they are flies, others that they are bugs, while others affirm, that the insect is simply a miller, they act like grasshoppers. Pray tell us what they are, and how they can spit so much? Limerick, June 24, 1853. O. S. H.

NOTE. The worm which our correspondent mentions, and concerning which we made some remarks in our last is now to us. We know nothing more of its history than it has appeared this summer in immense numbers, and over a wide extent of country and is doing great damage to orchards. In regard to this "bug" that is found so plentifully in York County, spitting on the grass, he is an old settler. He is a good natured, frothy fellow, and we believe perfectly harmless, although he has been accused of doing mischief. Some think he is the father of all grasshoppers, and we once heard a man accuse him of being the cause of the potato rot, and for no other reason, than because he saw they were very abundant, during the season the potato rot was very severe.

Now he is neither a grasshopper, the father of a grasshopper, nor the son of a grasshopper. They generally are most abundant in dry seasons, or at any rate the spume, or froth, with which they cover themselves, is most seen then, we suppose because the rains do not wash it away. It belongs to that genus of insects which naturalists have called cicada, and the one referred to by our correspondent is probably the cicada spumaria, more commonly known by the name of "spittle bug," "frog hopper," "cuckoo spit," &c. It is an active insect, and the male is said to make a low chirping noise, while the females are mute. What the nature of this froth or spittle is, or why it is necessary that the insect should be enveloped in it, we do not know. Some think it serves to keep off the attacks of enemies, as they would think it useless to dive into a bunch of spittle for their dinner. We leave it to our friend O. S. H. to ascertain "how they can spit so much," as they probably don't chew.

COMPOST FOR CORN. Editor Ohio Farmer: As you were so good as to notice in your valuable paper, my mode of making winter butter, I now send you my manner of making domestic guano, for my corn, which if you think worth publishing you are at liberty to do so.

I take my leached ashes and to four bushels I put one bushel of hen manure, from my hen house, and mix them well with a shovel, and then cover the whole with plaster. In a few days the whole mass will be completely dry, and if I do not wish to use the compost immediately, I let it remain on my stable until my corn is coming up, and then put a single handful on each hill. But before using I mix it thoroughly, which is not so agreeable a job, as the ammonia is apt to make the tears run while mixing. I have tried almost every kind of top dressing for corn, but have found nothing that will compare with my domestic guano. The best time to put the above on the corn, is just before a rain. I am sure it will add one third to the crop. Respectfully yours, FREDK. WOODBRIDGE.

A TRUE SAYING. He who encourages young men in the pursuits of agriculture, is doing a good work for the morals of society a hundred years hence.

SINGULAR FREAK IN A PEAR TREE.

We last week examined an odd occurrence in a pear tree belonging to R. M. Mills, Esq., of this city. The pear is a grafted quince stock, and imported from France, last year. Mr. Mills set it out in his garden, a year ago last spring, and it grew rapidly. This season it commenced growing well and has pushed out shoots from a foot to a foot and a half in length, and what is singular, it is now putting forth blossoms from the extremities of the same branches.

We believe it is not very common for this tree to put out blossoms on the growth of the present season. The blossom buds are usually formed during the season previous to their blossoming.

HARVESTING GRAIN.

It would seem to be almost superfluous at this late day, to urge upon our farmers the importance of cutting grain before it becomes fully ripe; yet notwithstanding the numerous articles which have been written and published upon this subject, and the very decided convictions expressed by the most judicious millers and grain dealers in favor of early harvesting—especially where the grain is intended for bread making or flouring—there are many who still adhere to the old practice, and will by no means allow their crops to be harvested till the grain is fully ripe. Prejudice is a tyrannical master, and no class of the community appear to be more fully under its control than our own agricultural class. In New York, and, indeed, in all the great wheat growing States, the practice of cutting this grain before it is dead ripe prevails universally. The exact time when it should be harvested, is now, with the grain producing part of the community, no longer a matter of doubt or speculation; all being fully convinced that the right ripeness is indicated by the change which the grain experiences when passing from its milky state to that of complete hardness, and when the kernels, without being "sticky," are yet not sufficiently hard to resist the pressure of the thumb and finger. The farina of the grain being perfected, all that is necessary to render it fit for flouring is the hardening of the mass; and this, it is abundantly established, may be as well perfected after the straw has been cut, as before. Beside, grain that is allowed to stand till it is fully or dead ripe, makes darker flour, and is not so heavy; it scatters in harvesting, and does not command in our markets, so ready a sale, or so high a price. The straw of grain, when it is cut before the period of perfect maturity, is also much more valuable; it possesses a degree of succulence and saccharine sweetness which renders it a good food for stock—much better than the straw of grain which has become dead or perfectly matured, can never be supplied.

I have cut oats when the straw was just turning from its green to its golden hue, and have found the grain as plump and full, and far brighter in color, than that which had stood in the field till ripe. The straw of oats, when harvested early, and properly cured, is nearly as valuable for a long time, and what clover hay; and when chaffed and mixed with chopped roots or meal, it makes a feed eagerly partaken of by stock of every description. [Germantown Telegraph.]

SOILING COWS.

The superiority of soiling over the common method of turning cattle to pasture, or in other words allowing them a free range, is strongly contended for by many at this day. The practice, so far as it is at present prevalent in this country, has been introduced from Europe, where it has obtained for a long time, and where certain peculiarities of soil, climate and population, render it far more necessary than it now is, or very soon can be, with us. Yet it is really possible the high merits claimed for it by its advocates—many of whom are among the most intelligent and discriminating farmers and dairymen of our country can boast of it, is certainly by no means to be neglected. We have now before us as we write, the statements of many men of this class, and among the number a gentleman of Waltham, Middlesex County, Mass., who had "four cows, and not a rod of ground which could be appropriated to pasturage. These animals, therefore, were never out of the barn yard, and were fed with grass mowed for them, with green corn fodder, which had been sown broad cast for them, and with about three pints of molasses each, per day. The amount of their produce was kept for thirteen weeks, and these animals were heifers of two years old, which had calves in the spring. The whole milk of one of them was taken by her calf during six out of the thirteen weeks. Some of the milk of the other was taken for family use, but the quantity was not determined. Under these circumstances three heifers could not be rated as more than one cow of full age and milked. From this stock, however, thus circumstanced and fed, three hundred and eighty-nine pounds of butter were made in the thirteen weeks! An additional pound would have given an average of thirty pounds a week, for the whole time, to a stock which must, in fairness, be set down as three cows only."

Where the soiling system is adopted, as it is on many farming establishments—among which we may mention that of the Shakers of New Lebanon, N. Y., the superior quantity and quality of the manure is said to be sufficient to grow the extra expense of soiling the fodder and feeding. It is all saved, the liquid as well as the solid excrement, and being preserved under cover, is of great strength and energy.

In our own practice we have been obliged to resort to this mode of feeding in order to keep stock enough to produce anything like the amount of manure we desire to use. By keeping the cows in the barn until about the tenth of June, our eight acres of old worn out pasture (though as good eight acres as any farmer need desire), afford eight cows a pretty good bite until a crop of "cow corn" put into a warm and rich piece of land as early as it is fit for the seed, gets high and stout enough to cut. After this there is no difficulty, as a succession of crops of this highly nutritious fodder may then be obtained until October.

[N. E. Farmer.]

FROM THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN. TO A BOB-A-LINK.

Bard amongst birds! whose music prime Makes glad our early summer time; Could I infuse into my rhyme Thy jolly spirit, How would the jingling numbers chime With matchless merit!

Your temper never ranges low— Indeed, such is your spirit's flow, A certain smartness goes to show You take repulse in That class, or order, which we know As "high falutin'."

Now from the tall, sea-sawing spray, You chaunt your airy rhapsody; Or, chatting on your devious way, Anon you pass, Till you your flight and lyric stay In the tall grass.

Some bird-deserving youth I've seen, Whose act and aim alike were mean, Sneak slyly near thy leafy screen, And round thy head Let fly a direful volley keen Of fire and lead.

But lo! unharmed you took to wing, And as you flitted seem'd to sing—"Shoot Bob-a-link! Shoot Bob-a-link! Shoot Bob-a-link!"

"Your neck—Jack ketch—some day—the string—"I think, think, think!"

You're up and stirring in the morn: Scarce has the cockerel blown his horn Ere to my waking ears is borne Thy half-heard lay, Telling the cheerful light is born, And comes the day.

At noon, when, as a "general thing," Your neighbor sings forth the wing, And languidly forbears to sing, My ears take heed That merry Bob is wandering About the mead.

When sinks the setting sun away, You prattle "good night" to the day; And homeward, in the gloaming gray, As I retire, You cheerily change from grave to gay My drooping lay.

To the pale cit that chance heard strain Brags back his early days again: The flowering meads, the emerald plain, Brooks, "banks and braes"; The golden links in memory's chain— His brightest days.

Oh, Bob! thou'rt a biped rare! Call on your kin—I've lots to spare; Take choice, and hand upon them where It suits you best, I'll brand the villain hands that dare Disturb your nest.

Oh, Bob! thou'rt a biped rare! Call on your kin—I've lots to spare; Take choice, and hand upon them where It suits you best, I'll brand the villain hands that dare Disturb your nest.

CURE FOR VIRULENT SMALL POX, OR SCARLATINA. The following recipe sent to him from England, where it was furnished by Mr. L. Lark, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and who vouches for it as "a medicine that will effect a revolution in the healing art, as regards the prevention and cure not only of small pox, but also of measles and scarlatina, however malignant the type, in a manner more efficient and extraordinary than could ever have been hitherto anticipated even by the most ardent philanthropist."

"On the first appearance of fever or irritation ushering in attacks, whether occurring in families or large communities, the subjected mode of treatment should at once be entered on: Take one grain each of powdered foxglove or digitalis (valuable in the ratio of its greenness—the dark should be rejected) and one of sulphate of zinc (this article is commonly known as white vitriol). These should be rubbed thoroughly in a mortar or other convenient vessel, with four or five drops of water; this done, a noggin (or about four ounces) more, with some syrup or sugar should be added. Of this mixture a table-spoonful should be given an adult, and two tea-spoonfuls to a child, every second hour, until symptoms of disease vanish.

Thus conducted, convalescence, as if by magic, will result. The rapidity of an event so auspicious will equally delight and astonish. It may, however, be necessary further to note, that should the bowels become obstructed in progress of the disease, an evil by no means common, then a drachm of the compound powder of jalap (formed of two parts cream of tartar with one of jalap) and one grain of the herb, treated as above, formed into a pill with syrup or sugar, should be given to an adult, and half the quantity to a child. This simple medicine shuts out every other form or article whatever, as totally unnecessary, if not pernicious. The methodus medendi of these medicines, capable of effecting results so gigantic remain now only to be given, and appears to be as follows:—The herb, by its anti-febrile properties, lays hold at once of the fever, and prolific source of woe, which it immediately strangles, while the zinc acts the part of tonic, instantly restoring the equilibrium."

Mr. Larkin adds—"No emigrant or government soldier should hereafter be allowed to put to sea without a few pence worth of these protectors; and it is further ardently hoped that, as the dearest interest of our common humanity are so vitally involved in this discovery, the press of all countries will give publicity to this announcement." [Boston Courier.]

TO REMOVE BOTS FROM HORSES. Last summer as some young china trees (Melia Azadirachta) reared their tops above the top of the palings of my horse lot, I discovered that one of my horses was eating of it. Being busily engaged in the duties of my profession, I drove the horse some ten miles that evening, and was surprised to see at every evacuation of the bowels, the large number of bots, or grubs, and small worms which passed off. Knowing the anthelmintic properties of the china tree, I was led to attribute the effect at once to it, so I gathered some of the green leaves of the china tree and tried it on my other horses, and it produced the same effect; I also noticed my horses improved in appearance, &c. I have since tried the above, and always with certain good effect. J. E. BRAD, M. D. Dartington, S. C. April 18, 1852. [Southern Cultivator.]

APPLE MOLASSES.

The juice of the sweet apple, it is probably well known to most of our readers, makes an excellent molasses. The article, when properly made, is pure, possessing a vinous, or rather brandied flavor, which renders it greatly superior for mince, apple, or tart pies, to the best West India molasses. If it is made from sour apples, a small quantity of imported molasses may be added to modify the flavor. But made with it, possesses a brisk and highly rapid flavor which common molasses does not impart. Four and a half barrels of good cider will make one barrel of molasses, costing in ordinary seasons, about \$5 50. One who has had considerable experience in manufacturing this article, says:—"I make little cider, my apples are worth more fed to my hogs than for cider; but I make a practice of selecting my sweet apples, those that furnish the richest, heaviest liquor, and make a cheese from them, using the cider thus obtained for making apple or quince preserves, boiling down for molasses, and keeping two or three barrels for drink or ultimate conversion into vinegar. When new from the press, and before fermentation commences, that which I intend for boiling is brought to the house, and boiled in brass, to the proper consistency; taking care not to burn it, as that gives the molasses a disagreeable flavor, and taking off all the scum that rises during the process. The quantity to be boiled, or the number of barrels required to make one of molasses, will depend greatly on the kind of apples used, and the richness of the new liquor. Four or four and a half are generally sufficient, but when care is not used in making the selection of apples, five barrels may be necessary, but let it take more or less, enough must be used to make the molasses, when cold, as thick as the best West India. When boiled sufficiently, it should be turned into vessels to cool, and from thence to a new sweet barrel, put into a cool cellar, where it will keep without trouble, and be ready at all times."

But the making of molasses is not the only important use to which sweet apples may be applied as connected with culinary affairs. Apple butter, as it is made by the Germans in Pennsylvania, is a most excellent article. The modus operandi pursued by those who are most expert in the manufacture of it, is the following:—

Having selected six bushels of fine ripe fruit, and divested them of the rind, quarter and carefully core them. Boil down two barrels of sweet cider to one, and deposit the apples in the boiled cider. Keep up a brisk fire under the kettles, and stir the contents continually to prevent burning. The boiling and stirring must continue uninterruptedly till the whole mass may afterwards be deposited in jars for future use. When thoroughly made, it will be nearly as solid as ripe butter, and will keep many years; indeed it improves by age. The Pennsylvanians make it only once in seven years. It is so much superior to the ordinary apple sauce, that no one who has fairly tested its value will afterwards, we are confident, willingly consent to be without it. The flavor is superior, and there is a neatness and solidity about it greatly superior to that of the ordinary apple sauce. Its price in the market is also higher. [Republican Journal.]

IS THE MOLE A DEVOURER OF VEGETABLES?

We answer no—he is a benefactor to the planter and gardener, instead of a destroyer of vegetables. Away, say we, with the erroneous ideas that they feed on garden vegetables and that they are the cause of the field crops; let us hear no more complaints against this little royal ermine coated friend, who is only a seeker and devourer of earthworms, and bugs, and the larvae of insects deposited in the rich garden mould, or the manure drills of the cultivated fields. Ignorance is a greater tyrant than Robespierre ever was, and it is surprising that the natural history of at least all the more common animals, is not better understood, even amongst the educated and intelligent. Thank God! with all the introductions from old Europe, —he has never sent us a professional mole catcher—such lazy louts, as those who, with springs and snares, do jobs of mole-hanging for the gardeners of old England, at so much a head. The mole is a study for the lovers of nature. His snug nest, deep in the earth, with walls of oak leaves, and lined with the most delicate grasses, shows that he is a considerable architect. The long galleries which lead out into those pasture grounds abounding in his favorite food, are scientifically constructed, and show him to be nature's engineer. His industry—by his peculiar locomotion, with great rapidity from one point to another—is a lesson to biped sluggards. It is true, that in search of food, he is a perfect earthquake among young vegetables; but he has no respect for their radicles when he plunges through the soft mould in quest of the insects and their larvae, which feed upon their roots. The chief food of the mole, according to Bachman, is the earth worm, (Lumbricus terreus), and he says that they would each devour forty or fifty worms to satiate their inordinate appetites. They invariably rejected vegetables of all kinds, but would feed on flesh, chrysalides, and even on each other, when not supplied with their proper food. One lived on a dead pigeon for a long time. These facts prove their carnivorous nature; and we would hazard little in saying that the mole is highly beneficial in destroying these insects. Vegetables are often cut and drawn into the ground, and the charge is laid upon our scraping favorites. Another animal, says Bachman, one exceedingly shy in its habits, does the mischief; Leconte's pine mouse, (Arvicola pinetorum), is the destroyer so much complained of, and is truly very injurious to vegetables. Since the innocent character of the mole is established, upon the authority of the greatest living naturalists, we hope that this numerous and varied family will be allowed, in uninterrupted safety, to dig and delve for the good of man, and thus keep under those insects which, breeding and dwelling in the earth, cannot be destroyed by the birds. They are both wise checks, which the Creator has placed here, to aid and restrain nature, by the exercise of their peculiar functions, and we say again, protect the moles and the birds. [Southern Agriculturist.]

IRRIGATION OF GARDENS.

From repeated experiments we are induced to draw the conclusion that next to manure, the great prime mover in successful culture, there is nothing more important to vegetable growth in many cases than irrigation. Practical gardeners regard it as indispensable, and a large share of their success depends on copious watering.

Some interesting instances, which have recently occurred, may be worth stating. Two rows of raspberries stand on ground in every respect alike, except that one receives the drippings from a wood-house, and the other does not. The watered row is fully four times as large in growth as the other. Again—the berries on the bushes of a Pastoph and Franconia raspberries were, at least twice as large when the soil was kept moistened, as afterwards when allowed to become dry; a repetition of the watering again doubled their size. Again—a neighbor, who cultivates strawberries for market, and uses a water-cart for irrigating the rows, raised at the rate of one hundred and twenty bushels to the acre, on common good soil by this means; and he noticed that where the cart was left standing over night, so that the water gradually dripped from it, for some hours, upon a portion of the plants, the fruit had grown to double the size of the rest in twenty-four hours. It should be observed that these advantages of a copious supply of water pertain chiefly to small or annual plants. The roots of fruit trees, being larger and deeper, are to be supplied with moisture in a different way; that is, by a deep, rich, mellow soil, kept moist by cultivation, or by covering thickly with litter. Water applied to the surface rarely descends so low as the roots and only hardens the soil to a crust.

[Albany Cultivator.]

TO PREVENT MILK FROM SOURING.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer gives the following plan:

"Agreeably to your request I will give you an account of our experience in the dairy business, with regard to preserving milk from becoming sour. We have kept from fifty to a hundred and fifteen cows for several years, and have milked seventy-two the past season. We strain the milk at night into a tin vat set in a wooden cask, into which we pump cold water for the purpose of cooling it. Thus it is kept sweet until morning, with very little trouble, when we strain in the morning's milk, which is warmed sufficiently by heating the water in the wooden vat. Thus we proceed until Saturday night when the milk is set and a curd made which is kept until Monday morning and made into curd with a thick coat of salt, smooth and hard, and set in a cool place on the cellar bottom, where it keeps sweet until Monday when it is skimmed and made into cheese.

"The result has been that we have not lost a bowl of milk the past summer. But milk set in tin pans has sometimes soured. We formerly preserved it in tin pans by putting a piece of clean ice into each pan. The rest of the Sabbath may be enjoyed and the practice of making cheese on that day be avoided."

STRAWBERRIES. We are again enabled to record the beneficial effects of tannic acid applied to strawberries, and even spent tea, if partially decomposed so as to render the remaining portions of the tannin soluble, produces like effects. We last year planted a bed of Hovey's Seedlings, with an occasional plant of the Boston Pine, and covered two-thirds of the bed with a light coating of spent tea in the fall. The result is, that the portion of the bed to which the tan was applied is now yielding four times as much fruit per plant as the other part not so treated, while the beds to which we applied the dilute bark liquor two years since, continue to yield extraordinary crops, and of superior size and flavor. A berry of Myatt's Eliza, pulled yesterday, (June 7th), measured 4 1/4 inches inches in circumference, and although larger than the average, will give some idea of the general size, as compared with the same kind of strawberries differently treated. When bark liquor applied to the beds, it should be diluted with 100 times its bulk of water. [Mapes Working Farmer.]

WHITE WHEAT. Capt. Daniel Trefethen of this town, assures us that he has discovered a method for killing effectually, this plague of a "farmer's life." He says that the present season, he had a field, which was literally covered with the blossoms of the white weed so called, and having a small quantity of salt on hand, the thought suggested itself to him, that possibly some benefit might accrue to the field from the distribution of it upon the surface. The act was "father to the thought." He scattered the salt over the field, and in a short time the blossoms all withered, and upon examination the roots were found to be entirely lifeless. This is certainly a valuable remedy for the eradication of this detestable weed, providing the experiment prove as effectual in all cases, as in this. At all events, we should recommend to those farmers who are troubled with this species of weed to try it. [Dover (N. H.) Gazette.]

TO KEEP BIRDS FROM PICKING FRUIT.

As the season is coming on for the depredations of birds, I beg to report my experience of last year, when I saved my currants and gooseberries by winding colored wicker around and across my bushes; and my cherries by hanging up several pieces of tin with strong thread in the different trees, two pieces being hung near enough together to clash with the wind, which sound, with the bright reflection of the tin in the sun, certainly drove them away; and I had my due share of fruit, which, the preceding year, I was obliged to relinquish them. [Agricultural Gas.]

THE ARTISAN WELL. The Artesian well which is being sunk at St. Louis by the Belcher Brothers, for their sugar refinery, has reached 1500 feet, nearly one-third of a mile. They have also struck water in sufficient quantity to force it to the top of the well. It is of a sulphurous, gaseous taste and smell, but quite clear. Keep your farming tools in good repair. A dull scythe or hoe often causes much trouble, in the busiest season of the year. [Southern Cultivator.]



THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 7, 1855.

WHAT HAVE THE POULTRY SOCIETIES DONE FOR US?

We were in hopes when the "poultry fever" began to warm up, that we should have extensive, and well directed experiments, in domesticating new varieties of our native water fowl, of which there are many varieties, in different sections of the Union. We know, however, of no such efforts having been made. The principal efforts of the Society, have been expended in getting up shows of fowls, that private individuals have bred or imported. This is all very well, as far as it goes, but it is not that such a society might do, if they felt disposed to enter into the business.

It is said, that it takes a course of breeding to the third generation, at least, to completely domesticate wild ducks, geese, &c. Of course will at first involve a great deal of care, labor and even expense, to obtain the rarer kind of wild fowl, and subject them to a course of training, that would ensure complete taming, so as to render them thoroughly domesticated.

Few individuals would be willing to incur such an expenditure of time and money. It would be met more appropriately, by the united strength of a society.

There are many varieties of these wild fowls, in the waters of the United States, and on the coast from Labrador to the Gulf of Mexico, and in the range of the great lakes, that would make rare acquisitions to the poultry yard, if they could be obtained, and so managed as to become quiet and contented in such situations.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Independence Day has again been celebrated. Seventy-seven years have passed since the Declaration of Independence, that gave a new nation to the world, was signed. Since that time the United States have prospered far beyond the hopes of those who gave their lives and their fortunes to secure to them the independence which they enjoy. It is fitting that this day, of all others, should be celebrated, and kept alive in our memories.

In this city there was no public observance of the day, although the boys burnt Indian crackers, fired cannons, blew tin horns, and made other patriotic demonstrations through the day. In Gardiner, Lewiston, Biddeford, Portland, Mechanic Falls, and other places, processions and orations were the order of the day.

We have as yet heard of no serious accidents on the fourth, although we presume there were the usual number, as the day never passes without more or less fatal accidents.

STEAM FIRE ENGINES. Some time since we mentioned the steam fire engine, that was in use in Cincinnati, and the following description from the New Bedford Mercury, will prove of interest to our readers. They are rather costly to come into general use, especially in small towns, but the quantity of water which they throw, and the great ease with which they can

be very desirable in large places where fires were of frequent occurrence. The Mercury says:

"It is of large size, weighs about five tons, steam box six feet by four feet, contains two engines of two feet stroke and six inches diameter of cylinder, throws seven-eighths inch steam three hundred feet—14 inch steam 220 feet, 24 inch steam 240 feet, dead steam, that is, before it breaks. It will throw eight streams of 4 inch at once. It is used to play directly on the fire. Some objection has been raised by the citizens on account of its being locomotive, but now four horses are attached to enable the engineer to guide it, not to draw it, for there is no difficulty in drawing it by steam, but as our streets are much obstructed by vehicles and passengers, there would be some danger in 'letting her out.' When on a level street the traces are slack. Incessant a force of seventy-five horse power can be applied to the driving wheels. Cost about \$10,000. This being the first attempt it has cost more than one can now be built for, as the expense of patterns would be saved. A similar engine would now be built for about six thousand dollars.

On Sunday it raised the steam, ran four squares and had water on the fire in just four minutes from the lighting of the fire. I saw it working, two inch steam two hundred feet after passing through about one hundred feet of hose. It requires only five men to manage the apparatus."

THE SIAMSE TWINS. The great curiosity and wonder of nature, the Siamese Twins, were in our goodly city, and held their levees at Winthrop Hall, last Thursday. They are strongly marked with many of the characteristics of the people of China, and considerably below the average height of mankind. They appear to be intelligent and communicative; and they must be good-natured, also, to answer the host of questions that are put to them. They are accompanied by two of their children, a boy and girl. The boy is an active, bright, intelligent looking little fellow, but the girl does not appear as well.

It is amusing to a by-stander to listen to the questions propounded them, and to hear their answers. After answering the questions of one of their visitors, and assuring him that their feelings, wishes and dispositions were alike, he asked them "if, when one felt hungry, the other was hungry also?" "Yes," said Chang. "Well, what would one eat satisfy the other?" "No," said Chang, "and that makes it very bad for the landlady." This made quite a laugh, in the midst of which we left, wondering if there ever were any bounds to the inquisitiveness of a real, true-blue, Down East Yankee.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION. A Democratic State convention, for the nomination of Governor, was held in Bangor on Thursday and Friday last week. On the third ballot, Hon. Albert Pillsbury, of Machias, received the nomination by the following vote:

Whole number,	615
Necessary for a choice,	308
Albert Pillsbury,	309
Shepard Cary,	119
John Hodgdon,	75
Samuel Wells,	16
Scattering,	6

NEW POTATOES. Our friend and neighbor, Deacon Jer. Smith, of Winsport, furnished us with fine specimens of new potatoes, on the 4th, of his own raising. They were of the White Blue No. variety. The Deacon has a good garden. His squashes have run farther, and his potatoes grow bigger than any in his vicinity, but his neighbor Thinkham, across the way, beats him in size, and in the size and strength of his bean-pods.

DISASTER TO THE STEAMER OCEAN.

On Tuesday night of last week, the steamer Ocean, while on her way from Boston to Lowell, ran on to the "Londoner," a dangerous rock off Cape Ann, and stove a hole in her bows. We copy the following from the Boston Traveler:

"The night was calm and clear, and the cause for the disaster is not yet ascertained. A pilot was at the helm and the boat was going at the usual speed, when with a terrible shock which at once aroused the sleeping passengers, she struck the rock, which made a hole and penetrated her bows, thus preventing her from falling back into deep water, in which case she would have immediately sunk.

She had, it is stated, about two hundred passengers, who were greatly alarmed at being wrecked in so sudden a manner, but fortunately the steamer St. Lawrence was close by, and the steamer Atlantic, from Portland, came along, and took off a portion of the freight of the Ocean, and proceeded for this port.

When the Atlantic left the scene of the disaster, at 2 o'clock this morning, the St. Lawrence was still alongside ready to perform any desired service, but nothing could be done to save the boat until she had been obtained to float her. In the meantime, if it should come to blow at all, she would probably slide off and become a total loss. At high tide her stern is under water.

The Ocean is a boat of 700 or 800 tons, built in New York five years ago. She has lately been thoroughly refitted, and is valued at \$75,000. She belonged to the Messrs. Sanford of Maine, and it is stated is not insured.

In connection with this disaster, it is proper to notice the fact, that with all the dangers of the eastern coast, during the past twenty years, steamers plying on the route have met with but few disasters, and scarcely a life has been lost of the millions of their passengers. There has been, certainly, a remarkable exemption from the terrible catastrophes which have followed steam navigation in nearly every part of the world."

We have conversed with one of the passengers, who states that, at the time the Ocean struck, a portion of the rock was out of the water, and that a very little variation of her course would have driven her on to that part, instead of the place where she struck. He also states that at the time the Ocean struck, the St. Lawrence was within a few rods of her, and that the St. L. passed on for nearly two miles, when she stopped, and backed down to within about a mile of the Ocean, when she sent her boats to take off the passengers. About half the passengers were taken off by the fishing schooner "Australia," and carried into Gloucester. The passengers taken off by the "Australia," made up a purse of about \$40 for the Captain of the schooner.

The Boston papers state that the steamers Rescue and C. L., went down to the wreck of the Ocean, with oil barrels, ropes, and other wrecking apparatus, to make an attempt to float her off. On Thursday her hurricane deck had been washed off, and her after part was full of water. There was but little chance of getting her off.

THE OCEAN Afloat AGAIN. Since the above was in type, we learn that the Ocean has been got off from the rocks, and towed into Boston. The Boston Journal of Monday says:

The steamer Ocean, after lying on the rocks off Cape Ann for three days, was finally got off Friday evening at seven o'clock, and was towed into this port on Saturday by steamers Boston and Rescue. She did not receive so much injury as had been feared, and is now being repaired from the critical condition in which she was placed. Her bottom is badly stove, but otherwise she had immediately upon the dry dock at East Boston, where she will be thoroughly repaired and ready to resume her station in August.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

RHYMES, WITH AND WITHOUT REASON. Published by A. Tompkins, and B. B. Mussey & Co., Boston. This is the title of a book of poetry just published, from the pen of B. P. Shillaber, whose sayings as Mrs. Partington have become famous throughout the land. An excellent portion of the author is given in the first part of the book. As a literary effort it is worthy of being read. There is much in it, of pathos and fun, that will interest one. Some of the poetry is good—excellent—while perhaps some might have been left out to advantage. Some of Mr. Shillaber's poems have been published in the Farmer, and our readers will, no doubt, recollect one called "The Cottage by the Sea." Among the best in the volume, for pathos and force, we class "Lines on the death of a Child," "The Union," "The Old Image-maker," &c., and among the humorous ones, "Young Girls," which is worthy the pen of Oliver W. Holmes himself. We have not space for extracts, but we would recommend the reader to buy a copy and judge for himself. The work may be obtained at the bookstores.

EASTERN TIMES. This paper commences the volume with a new head and new dress, and makes a very neat appearance. The Times is a very good paper, and deserves a generous support. We are glad to notice your property, Brother Newman, and hope that the "root of all evil" may flow in upon you to your heart's content.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE. The last number of this work commences the second volume of the new series. This is a valuable publication, and one which should be preserved for reference as the repository of the choicest literature of the age, both American and foreign. The very large amount of reading matter makes this one of the cheapest publications of the day. Published weekly, 64 pages, at \$6 per annum.

THE WEATHER. For some weeks past, we have had but very little rain, and the consequence is, that the ground is very much parched up, and unless we have rain soon, the crops will be much damaged. On account of the drought, the hay crop, which promised so well in the spring, will be light, though some of the farmers say, that with a little rain, they feel sure of a good crop of rowen, or second growth. The drought is not confined to this State alone, but is felt throughout the whole country. A gentleman from New Hampshire, the other day, informed us that it was as severe in that State as in this, and the papers contain similar reports from all quarters.

SCIENCE. We learn from the Rockland Gazette, that the wife of Capt. John M. Blaisdell, of that village, died on Saturday night, 25th ult., from the effect of arsenic which she had taken the day before. The deceased was about 23 years of age. No cause is assigned for the commission of the rash deed.

TALL TREES. We had some stalks of rye brought into our office, the past week, that were seven feet in height. It grew on the farm of Messrs. O. C. and D. H. Robbins, Sidney, and is about a fair sample of a large field of this grain, several acres in extent. The heads were well filled out, and considering the drought, we think it has made a very good growth. It was raised on burnt land.

MONUMENT TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

One of the memorable spots in New England, and one connected with one of the greatest events of modern history, is "Fore-fathers Rock," in Plymouth, Massachusetts. And yet this spot—this rock, which first received the footsteps of the weary, but determined pilgrims, who had left the comforts and riches of the old world, for the sake of finding a quiet place, for the worshipping God unmolested in the new, has never been designated by any monument, or particular memorial. In reality it never needed any, for the love which every son and daughter of the old colony bore it, erected one in their own hearts, and a thousand kind hands are ever ready at old Plymouth, to lead the stranger, who has made the pilgrimage to the Mecca of the Puritans, to the very spot, and point out to him, all the interest that is connected with its story.

A movement has however been made recently, to erect a monument upon the rock. One as durable as the rock upon which it is based, and that shall forever tell the pilgrims' story, to all who may stop to read the eventful page of its life. We clip the following from the old Colony Memorial, which gives the first notice we have seen of it. We also accompany it with a notice from the same paper, containing a call for a mass meeting of the sons of the old Colony, and of New England, to assemble in the town of the "rock," on the first of August next.

THE MONUMENT. We are happy to announce that, at length, the attempt is to be made, in earnest, to rear an appropriate monument to mark the place of landing of the Pilgrims. The subscription has commenced, where it ought to begin, on the spot, and with the most encouraging liberality. Within a few days some thousands of dollars have been secured in this village, and from present appearances, there is little doubt, that in the town, a sufficient sum will be raised to form the worthy nucleus for a general subscription, which will erect a structure worthy of the fathers, and of the age in which we live. The preliminary step has already been taken, of obtaining a refusal of the land circumscribed to the Rock, and an invitation will be given, at once, to architects to furnish suitable plans for the contemplated structure, and the work will be commenced as soon as a sufficient sum has been secured to ensure its accomplishment.

We make this announcement with a just pride, and are sure that thousands will welcome the opportunity to do something substantial to express their admiration for the virtues of an illustrious ancestry, and their sense of the benefits derived from their toils and sufferings. We shall be disappointed if a general response is not made on the part of every New Englander, and we are assured that there are thousands of liberal Patriots and Christian men, throughout the land, who will honor themselves by active sympathy in this undertaking.

The approaching celebration of the Embarcation, on the 1st of August, will afford a favorable opportunity for the interest already felt, and we look for great things as the result of the impetus which will then be given to this noble work. But in the meantime, we trust that every Plymouth man will do his duty, and that on that occasion, it may be seen that the "Sons of renowned Sires" are not behind hand in their duty and privilege.

GREAT NEW ENGLAND CELEBRATION. The Pilgrim Society have voted to celebrate the First of August, the Anniversary of the Embarcation of the Pilgrims from Delft-Haven, in 1620.

There will be a large Pavilion erected on the Town Green, where Ladies and Gentlemen will partake of a Collation. At the table there will be addresses from some of the ablest Orators in the country. There will also be other performances during the day and evening. It is hoped that New Englanders from all parts of our country, and all others who honor the memory of the first settlers of this land, will be present.

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LAW DECISIONS.

REPORTED FOR THE FARMER.

LONGLEY VS. HILTON.—Somerset County.—In relation to partition fence, the power of the fence viewers extends only to the assignment of the respective portions of the dividing line, and to the fixing of the time within which to build the fence.

Further orders or adjudications by them, being unauthorized by the statute, are of no effect. Thus, an order (however equitable under the circumstances) that one of the adjoining owners should build a fence upon a portion of the line assigned to the other, and exonerating the latter from building upon such portion, creates no obligation upon the former, nor relieves the latter from the duty, imposed by the statute, to build the fence upon that portion of the line.

Such an order, though incorporated into the assignment of the divisional line, is merely void, and therefore cannot vitiate the assignment itself. Shepley, C. J., dissentiente.

CLAYTON VS. JORDAN.—York County.—Emery & Loring for plaintiff, Shepley & Hayes for defendant. In common acceptance, the term "highway" means a public way. But when used in a statute, its import is restricted to county roads or county ways, unless its connection should require some different construction.

The statute provides, that if swine be found going at large without a keeper on the highways or town ways, the owner shall be subject to a penalty. In an action to recover the statute penalty for the rescuing of animals to prevent an impounding, an allegation in the writ that they were found in the highway cannot be treated as surplusage. It is a material averment, and must be proved as laid. Such an averment is not supported by proof that the animals were found upon a town way.

STOCKBRIED VS. CHOKER.—Lincoln County. Tallman for plaintiff, Gilbert for defendant. It is not a rule of law that a more skillful and learned person is entitled to a greater compensation for the performance of a professional service, than one competent, but less skillful or learned, who should perform the service as well.

In awarding compensation for a professional service, the jury may properly take into consideration the degree of skill exhibited, and of responsibility incurred, in the performance of it; but are not imperatively bound to award a sum "commensurate" with such skill and responsibility.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION. The "Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations," will be opened in the "Crystal Palace," in New York, next Thursday, July 14th, without fail.

We would here acknowledge the receipt of an invitation from Mr. Whetten, the Secretary of the Association, for self and lady, to be present at the inaugural opening of the Exhibition, on the 14th. It will be inconvenient for us to attend at that time, but we intend to visit it in the autumn, before its close.

We thank the Secretary for the kind invitation, and wish him and his associates abundant success.

NEW POSTMASTER. Wm. S. Badger, the new Postmaster of this city, entered upon the duties of his office on Friday last, the 1st inst. Mr. Burton, whose place he takes, has filled the office to the general satisfaction of the citizens.

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

Highway Robbery. We learn from the Worcester Transcript, that a German named Henry Coleman, attempted to rob Mrs. Elthina Baker and her two daughters, Lucy Ann and Angelina, on the highway between Fitchburg and Westminster, on Saturday last. The ladies courageously resisted, although the ruffian attacked one of them with great violence. He was subsequently arrested and committed for trial.

Singular Accident. At the Tyrore station, on the Central railroad, an Irishman who was waiting the arrival of a train in which his wife and children, just from Ireland, were passengers, got into a good-natured tussle with another man. The latter ran joyfully away, the first pursued, and in the chase the foremost tripped and fell; the Irishman (being close upon his heels) fell over him, and by a singular fatality dislocated his neck and died instantly! His wife and children arrived shortly after the melancholy accident.

Noel Plague. Fleas are said to abound to an extraordinary extent in the western corner of Charters township, Allegheny county, over a space of some three miles, filling the houses, and almost driving the inhabitants distracted. Some have succeeded in driving them away by whitewashing everything about their dwellings, stables, &c., and strewing lime plentifully about; but others are still suffering from this plague.

Small Pox among the Indians. Dates from Utah to the 21st of April, represent that small pox was alarmingly prevalent among the Indians. Near one thousand have died with it from each of the Cheyenne and Snake tribes. Three hundred of the dead bodies were piled into one hut, which was fired, and burned to the ground.

Fire. On Sunday, 26th, the house and barn of Miles Weeks, in New Castle, Maine, were mostly consumed. Also, the house of George Weeks and Hussey, as they had no insurance. Counterfeits. The Boston Courier says, the counterfeit \$2 bills on the Bank of Halliwell, Me., mentioned a week or two since as being in their passage in various cities south of us as well as here, have increased in numbers in this vicinity. The bill looks very well, but does not resemble the original.

Ravages of insects in Ohio. In several of the Northern counties of Ohio, the foliage of the forest trees has been, in certain districts, so generally devoured, that most of the limbs are entirely stripped of their leaves, by a brown bug, which flies at dusk, and settles upon the leaves, and about an inch long, and a quarter of an inch in width across its back.

An extensive work. The St. Louis dyke, built to control the current of the Mississippi river, and prevent it from changing the channel to the east side of Bloody Island, so as to leave St. Louis without a port, was commenced about three years ago, and the greater part of the work is now done. It is several feet above high water mark, built of stone, filled in with earth, is about 30 yards wide at the base, and from 15 to 20 at the top.

Imports at New York. The imports are now larger than ever at New York. The imports of dry goods were last week \$2,237,652, over \$1,000,000, against \$664,998 for the corresponding week in 1852. Since January last, an increase of \$17,000,000 over the same period last year.

Copper mines in Maryland. Several copper mines have been discovered and are being worked in Frederick Co., Md., from which a large quantity of valuable ore has been taken. It is believed that copper extends throughout the whole of Liberty District.

Canary birds in the United States. There are 9000 bushels of canary seed. Allowing 1 bushel to keep six canary birds one year, the number of those birds imprisoned in the United States amounts to 54,000. The first cost of the seed, freight and charges, will amount to \$13,000.

Capital Punishment in Connecticut. A bill abolishing capital punishment has passed the Senate of Connecticut. It substitutes solitary confinement, with a provision that the convict shall not be pardoned, unless new evidence of his innocence transpires.

A Windfall. Isaac Butler, of Vernon, in this county, says the Ulen Herald, a very poor, but a very honest worthy man, a Norwegian by birth, and for many years a sailor on the high seas, has recently received a letter from the Swedish and Norwegian Consul at New York, conveying to him the pleasant intelligence that by the death of a relative in Norway, he is heir to \$94,110. Mr. Butler is about 60 years of age, has no relatives in this country, and for the last twelve or fifteen years has resided at Vernon.

The Grass Crop in Penobscot County. The Bangor Whig says:—The grass crop, which in the early season promised to be abundant, will not, probably, in this vicinity much if any exceed the crop of last year, and this when there is no old hay in the country, whereas last year was a good stock. It is very important, therefore, for farmers to be prudent in the use of their hay, to get in large quantities of turnips, and to produce as many roots as possible, for the purpose of feeding out to cattle.

Horse Thieves Taken. We learn from the Waterville Daily, that two horse thieves were arrested in Dexter a few days ago. We do not learn their names, though it is probable they will hereafter be known as Thomaston. A third man, who formerly lived in Dexter, was followed to Newport, but whether arrested or not we are not informed.

Great Pedestrian feat. A London paper states that Mountjoy, a well-known pedestrian, accomplished in the first week of June the extraordinary task of walking from Loughborough to Derby and back again twice a day for six consecutive days, making 68 miles a day. He commenced on Monday, and completed his task on Saturday night, with evident ease.

Illegitimate Children. The following act has been recently passed and approved in Massachusetts:—When after the birth of an illegitimate child, his parents have intermarried or shall intermarry, and his father has acknowledged, or shall after the marriage, acknowledge him as his child, such child shall be considered as legitimate to all intents and purposes.

Strikes in Philadelphia. Strikes for higher wages are progressing in Philadelphia. The coal miners employed on the Reading Railroad have been employed on the Reading Railroad for some time, and demanded an advance of three cents per hour on their former wages. The number engaged in the strike is about nine hundred. The mud excavators have also stopped work, and demand an increase of twenty-five cents a day on their wages. They number about one hundred. So far there has been no disturbance.

Ship Building in New York. The New York papers publish a table showing that 65 vessels, of various descriptions, have been launched since the first of January, or are now on the stocks in the ship yards in that city. Their aggregate tonnage amounts to 51,083. Six ships, four steamships, and 12 steamships have been launched, and 8 steamships, 5 ships, and 2 steamers are now on the stocks. Among the vessels are three or four three masted schooners.

The Goodwin Sands.

The project now under consideration for preventing shipwrecks on the Goodwin sands, off the mouth of the river Thames, contemplates an extensive breakwater, a harbor of refuge, and a lighthouse, the construction to be open timbered, to offer less resistance to the sea than would be the case with solid works. The fact that 500 lives and £500,000 worth of property have been lost in the channel, within the past eighteen months, and chiefly on the Goodwin, is stronger than any argument that can be urged in favor of the scheme.

Drought in Georgia. The Georgia papers represent the corn crop in some parts of the State as entirely destroyed, owing to the great drought which prevails. The young cotton is also more or less injured. There has been no rain for three months.

New Piano Forte attachment. A new attachment to piano fortes has been invented and patented by Mr. Driggs of Detroit, which is called the Linguae Attachment. It is on the same principle as the Eolian attachment, and combines with the regular piano the peculiar bell-like quality of the music box. It is supposed that the Linguae attachment will be of great benefit in accompanying voices.

MOST WELCOME. On Sunday night, and during a good part of Monday forenoon, we were favored with several showers, which were much needed, and have doubtless done much good to the vegetation in this vicinity. There was also another fall of rain on Tuesday morning.

EPISCOPAL CONVENTION. The thirty-fourth annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Diocese of Maine, will be held at Portland, commencing on Wednesday next, 13th inst., at 9 o'clock A. M. The meetings will take place in St. Stephen's Church.

FROM THE BRITISH PROVINCES. By the arrival of the steamer Eastern City we have St. John's N. B. papers of June 28. The New Brunswick has the following:

"From an official report laid before the Canadian Parliament, we learn that upwards of 50 American fishing schooners were last season seen on the coast of New Brunswick. The crews of these vessels behaved in a most insulting manner, stole the firewood, and set fire to the fences of the establishments, so that the buildings were saved with difficulty. This year preparations are made to prevent a recurrence of these outrages, which were all the more provoking, that American vessels are absolutely precluded by treaty from fishing on that coast."

Active measures were being taken to forward the work on the European and North American Railroad. At a recent meeting of the stockholders the directors reported that the line between Shediac and the bend of the Peticoe dike would be completed the present season, and the line from the bend to St. John would be located before winter, and that the survey from St. John to the Maine frontier was going on with energy. The land owners on the line from the bend to Shediac have given up the land for the road. Robert Jarline, of St. John, is President of the company.

The fishery question still engrosses much of the attention of the press. A. Mr. Warren has been appointed by the government of Newfoundland, Preventive officer for the fisheries at Bellefleur, on the Labrador coast. He will have an armed vessel at his command. Other officers for other sections have been appointed and furnished with an armed force to keep off the American fishermen. Accounts from Placentia Bay to the 27th ult., represent the catch of fish as decidedly poor, both at the cape and the shore.

FROM MEXICO. The President of the Republic has issued a decree re-establishing the old system of direct taxation—repealed shortly after the close of the late war—which imposes a tax of two per cent. upon all professions, salaries, luxuries, real estate, personal property, merchandise, and industry of every kind. It is a very working class.

The "Free Union" thinks that the new tariff is not very favorable to French silks. El Orden publishes a long account of the return of Santa Anna, which it takes from the London Illustrated News. It says:

"Not only do the papers of the neighboring Republic take an interest in the return of Santa Anna to this country for the purpose of assuming power, but the English journals also watch the event; and indeed it is to them a matter of great interest, aware as they are of how much importance to the English people is any change in the Government of this country which may tend to alter their plans and policy in respect to us, and even in regard to other nations of this continent."

TEMPERATURE IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript from New York says:

But you will be surprised to know that the hottest place in New York is, perhaps, the new Crystal Palace. Sheltered from any stray sea breeze by the huge Reservoir which flows over it, and exposed on all sides to direct rays of the sun, its extensive surface of iron and glass presents to attract and concentrate within it, all the heat that the atmosphere contains. This is a result not unexpected by very troublesome. Ventilators have been placed along the top and bottom of the glass walls, but still the air within is hot and almost stifling. When night comes, the heated air within is condensed upon the glass walls, and water runs down in copious streams; so that it has been found necessary, even on the coldest nights, to build fires in some parts of the structure, in order to dry the moisture. How often the plans of scientific men are ruined by reason of their ignorance or carelessness in regard to a very common phenomenon of nature.

How the directors will now manage to cool their Palace is the great question. The prospect is that the ice cream saloons and the drinking saloons of all qualities, which line the sixth Avenue, facing the Palace, will invite the perspiring curiosity seeker, as he pulls his way out of the hot glass-house, with as profitable results as the Crystal speculators themselves.

EDUCATION OF THE CHINESE PRETENDER. A much more probable theory, to account for the Bible quotations in the Chinese proclamations, than that which attributes them to Jesuit influence, is that the writer had acquired his knowledge of the Scriptures directly or indirectly from Guttafah, the Chinese Christian. A correspondent of the Christian Times has come forward to say that Tien-teh was himself at one time a disciple or scholar of Guttafah. He declares that "the chief leader of the insurrection, Tien-teh, solicited and received from my late lamented friend Dr. Guttafah, instruction in the truths and principles of Christianity, and although there is no evidence of his conversion, it appears that he renounced idolatry and burnt incense, and was baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and that he was a sincere Christian."

NARROW ESCAPE. An attack of the P. & S. P. Road, on Saturday morning at the Kennebec station. The train had started, and he having delayed getting on, it had got on more headway than he was aware. Catching hold near the end of the train, the speed was so great as to throw him instantly down, and inward towards the gulph of ponderous wheels which have crushed so many in similar cases. With the rapidity of thought, he struck his hands against the side of the moving mass, causing him to rebound with great force several feet across the platform. As a Railroad man, he was conversant in his mind with that feat, and had always thought he should apply it, if he was ever in that fearful strait. His ready thought saved his life. The attending circumstances by which his life was in imminent danger, were told were precisely such as those by which young Cloudman was killed. [Argus.]

TERIFIED RAIN AND HAIL STORM IN NEW YORK.

On Friday afternoon last, the upper part of New York City was visited by a most destructive storm of rain and hail.

The storm occurred at about five o'clock, and lasted only some fifteen minutes. The course of the tornado was from the northwest, across the North River by the Palisades, and then down through the island, striking most heavily on the Eighteenth ward; thence across to Williamsburgh, &c. Some of the hail stones which fell were of almost fabulous size. Some of the masses of ice measured six inches in circumference.

The principal force of the hurricane was spent in the vicinity of the Crystal Palace. The Palace itself sustained but little injury. Its preservation must be regarded as a miracle. The ventilators being open, and part of the dome uncovered, immense quantities of water deluged the interior, injuring a few cases of goods. But two or three panes of glass were broken.

The Herald gives the following account of the destruction of a building and loss of life:

"During the storm a most disastrous accident occurred up town, by which three persons lost their lives, and seven others were severely injured, some of whom it is expected will not recover. The scene of the accident was in Forty-third street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, and at a newly erected frame building opposite Latting's Observatory, which belongs to Dr. S. P. Townsend, and was under the supervision of the architect, Mr. J. C. Smith. During the storm this building, which was two stories high, and roofed in, was overturned instantaneously by the hurricane that blew about five o'clock, and levelled in a moment to the ground. At the time that the accident occurred, there were six men employed on the ground floor in plastering the walls, three of them as plasterers, one of whom was the boss, named William McCracken, and who was killed, with two others. There were three other persons on the floor, and the upper floor there were other workmen employed in fitting the pipes and other similar work, the building being intended, we believe, for a saloon; and in addition to these there was a large number of people who had sought temporary shelter when the storm came on. So sudden was the accident that no time was given for escape, the whole building being prostrated without even the shadow of a warning."

A two story brick building in Forty-third street, between Eleventh and Twelfth avenues, was blown down, instantly killing a man, who was passing at the time, named Charles Flynn, residing in Forty-fourth street. His body was conveyed to his residence. The building was in an unfinished state, and we are informed that a short time since the contractor, building to proceed with the work, fearing that the building would fall.

At Williamsburgh many houses were unroofed, thrown down or otherwise injured. The Methodist Church in Sixth street, and the Dutch Reformed Church in Fourth street, were almost entirely demolished. The Methodist church in Grand Second street, and the Gothic church in Grand street, were unroofed and otherwise damaged. The Episcopal church in South Street, &c., and Mr. Lawrence's, were completely destroyed. The roof of the Half-Way house was blown off and carried two or three blocks. An immense quantity of glass was broken by the hail which fell as the storm came on. The whole number of buildings more or less damaged in Williamsburgh, is not less than 100. The loss is estimated at \$40,000.

A thunder-bolt fell in a lumber yard in Williamsburgh, scattering the boards in all directions. Several persons were seriously injured by being struck by the hail stones.

Scarcely a house can be found in the whole city of Williamsburgh that has not sustained more or less damage, either by the wind, hail, stones or lightning; and in all great fear was felt that the houses would fall in and crush many. Trees are striven across some of the streets.

The storm extended into Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. A delegate from Northumberland, Pa., says that "nearly every farmer has lost his entire harvest, and the fruits of all kinds have suffered much. Several thousand window lights were broken in this place. There is no estimate of the damage done. Hail stones, measuring 74 inches in circumference, were seen in the storm of H. U. Lockard. Mr. Briggs was thrown from his carriage at the same time, and but slightly injured. The horse continued on his way, and turned the corner round the store of John Goss, Jr., at the same time turning the wagon into the cellar of C. E. Keene. The principal damage was in breaking the glass, and it may, on the whole, be considered a fortunate escape for all concerned."

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The Muse.

LINES.

When the bright star of peace from our country was

clouded,

Hope fled from its gleam, and peace reappeared;

But still, dark in gloom, the horizon is shrouded,

And the beam of peace is dimly seen.

Fled now are the charms which the heart once de-

lighted,

Forgot the enjoyment tranquilly gave;

Every flower is withered, each blossom is blighted,

But the wreath that encircles the brow of the brave.

Though exulting that wreath to the victor of glory,

Who soars on the plumes of victory to fame;

Though the patriot blood be high at the story

That embosoms with honor America's name;

Yet 'tis only in blood that the laurel can flourish,

This horror's red trophy, 'tis plucked from the grave,

And the tears of the widow and orphan must nourish

The wreath that encircles the brow of the brave.

Yet spured by the man, to true feeling a stranger,

Who refuses to yield the sword he has won;

A prize dearly earned amid peril and danger,

And shall live when eternity's march is begun.

Be the arm ever hallowed for freedom contending,

Where the star-enslaved banners of liberty wave!

For the Heaven-sent cause which the sword is de-

fending.

Readers sacred the wreath that encircles the brave.

But blame not the bard, that with human aversion

His shuddering heart on the battle scene lowers,

And exults that the aim of the warrior's exertion,

Peace, sanctioned by honor, ere long shall be won.

Then the warrior shall sheathe, with a smile of de-

votion,

The blade that he wielded his country to save;

And the laurel that won, on the field of the ocean,

Immortal shall bloom round the brow of the brave.

WATCHING AT THE GATE.

BY WINNIE WOODFORD.

Come home, dear love! the evening shades

Are stealing forth to welcome thee;

And the last ray of sunset fades

Upon the bosom of the sea.

My love's soft notes are drowned in sighs,

Unheeded fall his sweetest tones—

The stars look down with wondering eyes,

To see me watching here alone.

Come home, dear love! the moon's clear light

Falls softly round our cottage eaves;

She seems to bend—the queen of night—

To hear the ocean murmur low.

Among the leaves, the summer air

Is whispering o'er thy name to me,

And every thing that's sweet and fair,

Awakes some tender thought of thee.

The Story-Teller.

THE WIFE'S FORETHOUGHT.

A Sketch for Young Married People.

Anson Kimball had been married about a

month. His business was at tin-making, and

he had a shop of his own, and his whole stock

was paid for, so he felt quite independent, the

future looking all clear and bright. His wife

was one of those mild, loving creatures that

hang fondly upon the interests and affections of

the husband, and whose soul may sink or swim

with the fortunes of the being it has chosen as a

partner.

One evening the young couple were sitting in

their comfortable apartment, the husband en-

gaged in reading, and the wife working busily

with her needle.

"I must be up early to-morrow morning,"

Linnie, for our party starts shortly after sun-

rise," said Anson, as he laid down his paper

and leaned back in his chair.

"Then you are going, are you?" remarked

Linnie. There was just regret enough in her

tone to render her voice less lively than usual,

but it must have been a very keen observer that

could have noticed it.

"O, to be sure," returned the young man in

a gay laughing tone. "You know the hands in

the old shop go on this salt water fishing ex-

cursion every year, and of course I must go

with them. We can't take our ladies with us

on such a trip, but you shall have a good time

to make up for it."

"You mustn't think, Anson, that I envy you

the pleasure you anticipate, for I am sure that

nothing can give me more satisfaction than to

know that you are enjoying yourself."

"I believe you, Linnie, and I assure you I

shall enjoy myself on this trip exceedingly. So

you will be happy, too, eh?"

"Certainly," returned the young wife, but

the word seemed spoken reluctantly.

"Come, come, Linnie, you don't speak as

you feel. Now you don't want me to go,"

said Anson, with a tinge of disappointment in

his tone.

"If you think it would be for your good to

go, of course I should want you to go."

"And how can it be otherwise?"

"You won't be offended, Anson, if I tell

you."

"Poh, what an idea. I am offended at you."

Come, tell me your thoughts."

As the young man spoke he moved his chair

to the side of his wife, and put his arm about

her neck.

"Well," returned Linnie, in an earnest, yet

pleasant tone, "I was thinking at the expense."

"Ha, ha, ha! The expense. Why, it won't

be over five dollars at the farthest. You know

we are young yet, and all we have is the house

we live in and your small shop."

"And is not that enough? How many of my

young friends are there who are not even so

well off as that?"

"I know you are fortunate, Anson, but none

are beyond the reach of misfortune. For a few

years we had better live as economically as pos-

sible with consistent enjoyment."

"So I intend to; but what is five dollars

compared with the amount I shall be able to

lay up in a year?"

"Why, it will make that amount some eight

or ten dollars short."

"That's strange logic, Linnie."

"Not at all, Anson. You will spend five dol-

lars in money, and lose the time of two work-

ing days."

"So I shall; but I tell you, Linnie, I'll work

even harder for when I come back. So I

may go, mayn't I?"

The last sentence was spoken playfully, and

the young man kissed his wife as he spoke.

"Of course you will," returned Linnie, with

a smile; "but I suppose I shall have to go

without a little sum I wanted."

"How much was it?"

"Five dollars."

"O, you can have that, of course, and more

too, if you want it."

"That will be enough."

Anson Kimball took out his wallet and hand-

ed his wife a five dollar bill, and the conversa-

tion then turned upon other and various mat-

ters.

Anson Kimball was like thousands of others

who are situated in like circumstances. With

a free and open heart he marked out his future

a field of enjoyment, without taking care to

make much preparation for the sum he might

be likely to meet on the way. And then again

like all others, he mistook the character of

life's real enjoyment. He lost sight of some of

the higher and more noble sources of happiness,

and dwelt too much in the satisfaction of the

physical appetite. True, he enjoyed himself

and kept clear of all extremes, but yet he failed

to see that his enjoyments were nearly all ephem-

eral—that he was laying up little or nothing

for time to come.

A year passed away, and the annual fishing

excursion came in course along.

"Well, Linnie," said the young man, "to-

morrow the boys go down the harbor, and I am

going with them. Of course you have no ob-

jections." "If you can afford it."

"O, there's no trouble about that."

"Don't you remember the conversation we

had a year ago on the same subject?" asked

Linnie.

"Yes—I remember then you talked about

saving money, but we ain't any poorer now

than we should have been if I had staid at

home."

"But tell me, Anson, have you laid up as

much during the past year as you had expected

to?"

"Why, as for that matter, I haven't laid up

much of anything. The fact is, Linnie, you

have drawn rather harder on me than I ex-

pected."

"But I haven't spent any more money for

trivial affairs and amusements than you have,

Anson, and I don't think I have so much."

"I didn't mean to blame you, my dear. I

only mentioned the circumstance to explain

why I had not laid up anything. But never

mind, there's time enough yet, and besides

we've enjoyed ourselves. I think after this

fishing excursion is over, however, I shall begin

to look my expenses a little, for I must lay up

a little something the next year."

"We certainly have every chance to save

money," returned Linnie, "for both the house

and shop are ours without rent, and we are free

from debt."

Anson Kimball started at that last remark,

and turned his face towards the window, but

his wife did not appear to notice his emotion.

"You know, Anson," continued Mrs. Kim-

ball, "that you promised me I should have five

dollars when you went on another excursion,

and I shall certainly hold you to that promise."

"Of course—that's fair," returned the young

man; "but do you think it now?"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"You won't be offended?"

"No."

"Then to tell you the truth, I owe a little

sum."

The young man looked earnestly at his wife,

and though he evidently wished to say some-

thing about her running in debt, yet for reasons

best known to himself, he kept quiet, and hand-

ed over the five dollars.

Anson joined his old shopmates on their ex-

cursion, and when he returned he thought some-

thing about beginning to cut off some of his unnece-

sary expenses, but he introduced no new system

of operations. Two or three times he did re-

frain from indulging some petty appetite, but

he soon settled back into the old track, and the

small bits of money slipped away as fast as

ever.

Three years had passed away since the young

couple were married, and few could have wished

for more social comfort than they had enjoyed

during the greater part of that time. For a

month or two, however, the young man had

been gradually growing more sober and thought-

ful, until at length he had become really sad

and down-hearted. His wife had endeavored to

cheer him up, though she was unable to learn

the cause of his depression.

One evening, just before dusk, Linnie saw

two men pass her window and enter her hus-

band's shop. One of them she knew to be the

sheriff, and the circumstance troubled her very

little. She waited half an hour for her hus-

band to come to supper, but he did not appear,

and her sufferings began to be acute. A thou-

sand conjectures fitted through her mind, but

they brought her no consolation, and at length

she determined to go to the shop door and see

if she could not overhear something of what

was passing within, feeling that such a course

would be at least pardonable.

Linnie stole out from her front door and went

towards the shop. She placed her ear to the

keyhole and listened, but she could only hear

an indistinct hum of voices, among which was

that of her husband. The latter was evidently

supplicating, for his tones were earnest and im-

passioned. Soon there was a movement of feet

towards the door, and Linnie hastened back to

the house. Ere long her husband entered. He

looked pale and troubled, and with a nervous

movement of the muscles of his face, as though

he would have concealed the grief that bore him

down, he took his seat at the table.

Poor Linnie watched her companion with an

anxiety almost agonizing, but he spoke not a

word until Anson had set back from the table.

The food remained almost untouched

until his plate when he moved away and he

would have left the house had not his wife

stopped him.

"Husband," she said, in a soft, gentle tone,

at the same time laying her hand upon his arm,

and gazing imploringly into his face, "what is

the matter with you?"

"Nothing, Linnie," half feebly returned

he, and he made a motion as if to remove his

wife's hand from his arm.

"There is something, Anson, I know there is.

Come, do not keep it from me."

"There is nothing that you need know."

"But a wife need know all that can affect her

husband thus. What is it, Anson?"

"It is nothing but my own business, and a

wife need not know all that."

This answer was harsh, and tears gushed

to Linnie's eyes.

"My dear husband," she said, in tender

accents, "to whom, O, to whom, should you tell

your sorrows, if not to her who loves you bet-

ter than life itself?"

"Forgive me, forgive me, Linnie—I meant not

to wound your feelings. I am very miserable,

and I hardly know what I said."

"Then tell me all. Come, sit down in my

easy chair, for your brow is hot and feverish.

Tell me all, tell me."

After the young man had taken the proffered

seat, he gazed for a moment into the face of his

wife, and a look of deep anguish rested upon

his features.

"Linnie," he said, "I may as well tell you

all, but you must not chide me, nor must you

despond, for all is not dark as might be. I am

deeply in debt, and to-morrow my shop, and all

that it contains, will be advertised by the

sheriff for sale."

"In debt," murmured the wife.

"Yes. During the last two years I have been

purchasing stock on credit, and paying for it as

it has been convenient. At first it seemed an

easy way of doing business, but it has proved

fatal; for when I received the pay for my goods,

I forgot, or at least did not sufficiently heed,

that all that money was not mine. I forgot

that more than half of all the money I received,

belonged to men of whom I had purchased

stock. Two notes fall due day after yesterday.